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RIP VAN WINKLE,

OR

A TALE OF THE KAATSKILL MOUNTAINS.

[Concluded.]

On waking, he found himself on the green knoll from whence he had first seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his eyes—it was a bright sunny morning. The birds were hopping and twittering among the bushes, and the eagle was wheeling aloft and breasting the pure mountain breeze. "Surely," thought Rip, "I have not slept here all night." He recalled the occurrences before he fell asleep. The strange man with the keg of liquor—the mountain ravine—the wild retreat among the rocks—the wo-begone party at nine-pins—the flagon—"Oh! that wicked flagon!" thought Rip—"what excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle?"

He looked round for his gun, but in place of the clean well-oiled fowling piece, he found an old firelock laying by him, the barrel encrusted with rust, the lock falling off, and the stock worm eaten. He now suspected that the grave roysters of the mountain had put a trick upon him and having dosed him with liquor, had robbed him of his gun. Wolf, too, had disappeared, but he might have strayed away after a squirrel or partridge. He whistled after him and shouted his name, but all in vain; the echoes repeated his whistle and shout, but no dog was to be seen.

He determined to revisit the scene of the last evening's gambol, and if he met with any of the party, to demand his dog and gun. As he rose to walk, he found himself stiff in the joints, and wanting in his usual activity. "These mountain beds do not agree with me," thought Rip, "and if this frolic should lay me up with a fit of rheumatism, I shall have a blessed time with Dame Van Winkle." With some difficulty he got down into the glen; he found the gully up which he and his companion had ascended the preceding evening; but to his astonishment a mountain stream was now foaming down it, leaping from rock to rock; and filling the glen with babbling murmurs. He, however, made shift to scramble up its sides, working his toilsome way through thickets of birch, sassafras, and witch hazel; and sometimes tripped up or entangled by the wild grape vines that twisted their coils and tendrils from tree to tree, and spread a kind of network in his path.

At length he reached to where the ravine had opened through the cliffs, to the amphitheatre; but no traces of such opening remained. The rocks presented a high and impenetrable wall, over which the torrent came tumbling in a sheet of feathery foam, and fell into a broad deep basin, black from the shadows of the surrounding forest. Here, then, poor Rip was brought to a stand. He again called and whistled after his dog; he was only answered by the cawing of a flock of idle crows, sporting high in air about a dry tree that overhung a sunny precipice; and who secure in their elevation, seemed to look down and scoff at the poor mans perplexities. What was to be done? the morning was passing away, and Rip felt famished for want of his breakfast. He grieved to give up his dog and gun; he dreaded to meet his wife; but it would not do to starve among the mountains. He shook his head, shouldered the rusty firelock, and with a heart full of trouble and anxiety, turned his steps homeward.

As he approached the village, he met a number of people, but none of whom he knew, which somewhat surprised him, for he had thought himself acquainted with every one in the country round. Their dress, too, was of a different fashion from that, which he was accustomed. They all stared at him with equal marks of surprise, and whenever they cast eyes upon him they invariably stroked their chins. The constant recurrence of this gesture, induced Rip, involuntarily, to do the same when to his astonishment, he found that his beard had grown a foot long!

He had now entered the skirts of the village. A troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him, and pointing at his grey beard. The dogs, too, not one of which he recognized for an old acquaintance, barked at him as he passed. The very village was altered; it was larger and more populous. There were rows of houses which he had never seen before, and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors—strange faces at the windows—every thing was strange. His mind now misgave him; he began to doubt whether he and the world around him were not bewitched. Surely this was his native village, which he had left but the day before. There stood the Kaatskill mountains—there ran the silver Hudson at a distance—there was every hill and dale precisely as it had always been—Rip was sorely perplexed—"That flagon last night," thought he, "has addled my poor head sadly!"

It was with some difficulty that he found the way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found the house gone to decay—the roof fallen in, the windows shattered, and the doors off the hinges. A half starved dog, that looked like Wolf, was skulking about it. Rip called him by name, but the cur snarled, showed his teeth, and passed on. This was an unkind cut indeed—"My very dog," sighed poor Rip, "has forgotten me!"

He entered the house, which, to tell the truth, Dame Van Winkle had always kept in neat order. It was empty, forlorn, and apparently abandoned. This desolateness overcame all his connubial fears—he called loudly for his wife and children—the lonely chambers rang for a moment with his voice, and then all again was silence.

He now hurried forth, and hastened to his old resort, the village inn—but it too was gone. A large rickety wooden building stood in its place, with gaping windows, some of them broken, and mended with old hats and petticoats, and over the door was painted, "The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle." Instead of the great tree that used to shelter the quiet little Dutch inn of yore, there now was reared a tall naked pole, with something on the top that looked like a red night cap, and from it was fluttering a flag, on which was a singular assemblage of stars and stripes—all this was strange and incomprehensible. He recognised on the sign, however, the ruby face of King George, under which he had smoked so many a peaceful pipe, but even this was singularly metamorphosed. The red coat was changed for one of blue and buff, a sword was held in the hand instead of a sceptre, the head was decorated with a cocked hat, and underneath was painted in large characters, GENERAL WASHINGTON.

There was, as usual, a crowd of folk about the door, but none that Rip recollected. The very character of the people seemed changed. There was a busy bustling, disputatious tone about it, instead of the accustomed phlegm and drowsy tranquility. He looked in vain for the sage Nicholas Vedder, with his broad face, double chin, and fair long pipe, uttering clouds of tobacco smoke instead of idle speeches; or Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, doling forth the contents of an ancient newspaper. In place of these, a lean bilious looking fellow, with his pockets full of handbills, was harangueing vehemently about the rights of citizens—election—members of Congress—liberty—Bunker's Hill—heroes of seventy-six—and other words, that were a perfect Babylonish jargon to the bewildered Van Winkle.

The appearance of Rip, with his long grizzled beard, his rusty fowling piece, his uncouth dress, and the army of women and children that had gathered at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern politicians. They crowded round him, eyeing him from head to foot, with great curiosity. The orator bustled up to him, and drawing him partly aside, inquired, "on which side he voted?" Rip stared in vacant stupidity. Another short busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and rising on tiptoe, inquired in his ear, "whether he was federal or democrat." Rip was equally at a loss to comprehend the question; when a knowing, self-important old gentleman, in a sharp cocked hat, made his way through the crowd, putting them to the right and left with his elbows as he passed, and planting himself before Van Winkle, with one arm akimbo, the other resting on his cane, his keen eyes and sharp hat penetrating, as it were, into his very soul, demanded in an austere tone, "what brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder, and a mob at his heels, and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village?" "Alas! gentlemen," cried Rip, somewhat dismayed, "I am a poor quiet man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject of the King, God bless him!"

Here a general shout burst from the bystanders—"a tory! a tory! a spy! a refugee! hustle him! away with him!" It was with great difficulty that the self-important man in the cocked hat restored order; and having assumed a tenfold austerity of brow, demanded again of the unknown culprit what he came there for, and whom he was seeking. The poor man humbly assured him that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbors, who used to keep about the tavern.

"Well—who are they? name them? Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired, "where's Nicholas Vedder?"

There was a silence for a little while, when an old man replied, in a thin piping voice, "Nicholas Vedder? why he is dead and gone these eighteen years! There was a wooden tombstone in the church yard that used to tell about him, but that's rotten and gone too."

"Where's Brom Dutcher?"

"Oh, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war; some say he was killed at the storming of Stony-Point—others say he was drowned in the squall at the foot of St. Anthony's Nose. I don't know—he never came back again."

"Where's Van Bummel, the schoolmaster?"

"He went off to the wars too, was a great militia general, and is now in Congress."

Rip's heart died away, at hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him, too, by treating of such enormous lapses of time, and of matters which he could not understand: war—Congress—Stony Point!—he had no courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out in despair, "does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

"Oh, Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three, "Oh, to be sure! that's Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree."

Rip looked and beheld a precise counterpart of himself as he went up the mountain: apparently as lazy, and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded. He doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment, the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was, and what was his name?

"God knows," exclaimed he at his wit's end; I'm not myself—I'm somebody else—that's me yonder—no—that's somebody else, got into my shoes—I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they've changed my gun, and every thing's changed, and I can't tell what's my name, or who I am!"

The bystanders began now to look at each other, nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their foreheads. There was a whisper, also, about securing the gun, and keeping the old fellow from doing mischief; at the very suggestion of which, the self important man in the cocked hat retired with some precipitation. At this critical moment a fresh comely woman pressed through the throng to get a peep at the bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which frightened at his looks, began to cry. "Hush, Rip,' cried she, "hush, you little fool, the old man wont hurt you." The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind.—"What is your name my good woman?" asked he.

"Judith Gardenier."

"And your father's name?"

"Ah, poor man, his name was Rip Van Winkle; it's twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and never has been heard of since—his dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl."

Rip had but one more question to ask, but he put it with a faultering voice:

"Where's your mother?"

"Oh, she too had died but a short time since: she broke a blood vessel in a fit of passion at a New-England pedlar.

There was a drop of comfort, at least, in this intelligence. The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. "I am your father!" cried he—"Young Rip Van Winkle once—old Rip Van Winkle now!—Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle!"

All stood amazed, until an old woman tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and peering under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed, "Sure enough! it is Rip Van Winkle—it is himself. Welcome home again, old neighbor—Why, where have you been these twenty long years?"

Rip's story was soon told, for the whole twenty years had been to him but as one night. The neighbors stared when they heard it; some were seen to wink at each other, and put their tongues in their cheeks; and the self important man in the cocked hat, who, when the alarm was over, had returned to the field, screwed down the corners of his mouth and shook his head—upon which there was a general shaking of the head throughout the assemblage.

It was determined, however, to take the opinion of old Peter Vanderdonk, who was seen slowly advancing up the road. He was a descendant of the historian of that name, who wrote one of the earliest accounts of the province. Peter was the most ancient inhabitant of the village, and well versed in all the wonderful events and traditions of the neighborhood. He recollected Rip at once and corroborated his story in the most satisfactory manner.—He assured the company that it was a fact, handed down from his ancestor the historian, that the Kaatskill mountains had always been haunted by strange beings. That it was affirmed that the great Hendrick Hudson, the first discoverer of the river and country, kept a kind of vigil there every twenty years, with his crew of the half moon, being permitted in this way to revisit the scenes of his enterprise, and keep a guardian eye upon the river and the great city called by his name. That his father had once seen them in their old Dutch dresses playing at nine-pins in a hollow of the mountain; and that he himself had heard, one summer afternoon, the sound of their balls like distant peals of thunder.

To make a long story short, the company broke up, and returned to the more important concerns of the election. Rip's daughter took him home to live with her; she had a snug well furnished house, and a stout cheery farmer for a husband, whom Rip recollected for one of the urchins that used to climb upon his back. As to Rip's son and heir, who was the ditto of himself seen leaning against the tree, he was employed to work on the farm; but evinced an hereditary disposition to attend to any thing else but his business.

Rip now resumed his old walks and

habits; he soon found many of his former cronies, though all rather the worse for the wear and tear of time; and preferred making friends among the rising generation, with whom he soon grew into great favor.

Having nothing to do at home, and being arrived at that happy age when a man can do nothing with impunity, he took his place once more on the bench, at the inn door, and was reverenced as one of the patriarchs of the village, and a chronicler of the old times "before the war." It was some time before he could get into the regular tract of gossip, or could be made to comprehend the strange events that had taken place during andiorpor. How that there had been a revolutionary war--that the country had thrown off the yoke of old England—and that, instead of being a subject of his majesty George the Third, he was now a free citizen of the United States. Rip, in fact, was no politician; the changes of states and empires made but little impression on him; but there was one species of despotism under which he had long groaned, and that was—petticoat government. Happily, that was at an end; he had got out of the yoke of matrimony, and could go in and out whenever he pleased, without dreading the tyranny of Dame Van Winkle. Whenever her name was mentioned, however, he shook his head, shrugged his shoulders, and cast up his eyes; which might pass either for an expression of resignation to his fate, or joy at his deliverance.

He used to tell his story to every stranger that arrived at Mr. Doolittle's hotel. He was observed, at first to vary on some points every time he told it, which was doubtless owing to his having so recently awaked. It at last settled down precisely to the tale I have related, and not a man, woman, or child in the neighborhood, but knew it by heart. Some always pretended to doubt the reality of it, and insisted that Rip had been out of his head, and that this was one point on which he always remained flighty. The old Dutch inhabitants, however, almost universally gave it full credit. Even to this day they never hear a thunder storm of a summer afternoon about the Kaatskill, but they say Hendric Hudson and his crew are at their game of nine-pins; and it is the wish of all henpecked husbands in the neighborhood, when life hangs heavy on their hands, that they might have a quieting draught out of Rip Van Winkle's flagon.

THE FED PARTY.

The following definition of the party usually designated by the cognomen at the head of this article is characteristic and to the point; we copy it from the Northern Courier.

STREET DIALOGUE.

CUFF.—Good mornin, Pomp, how are you?

POMP.—Fuss rate, Cuff—how are you yourself?

C. Better—but look 'ere, I want to ax you a question. I heern some fellers down street talkin' about wot dey call de *Fed* party—I should like to know whet dat is?

P. Gosh, Cuff, don't you know? Guess you neber study politics.

C. Politics—no, Pomp, one Polly's much as I can 'tend to—dat's my wife to home.

P. Ki! wall, I'll tell you. De *fed* party is all de same as de spiles party—de party wot gets de loaves and fishes, you know hey?

C. No, I don't take.

P. Why, you see nigger, dere's wot dey call de Kitchen Cab'net down to Washinton, you know, wot does de gub'ment cookin?

C. Yes, I've heern 'em tell about "clar de kitchen."

P. Hi! I reckon dey do clar de kitchen, to kill. Wall, dere's de tribe of Levi and Amos, and Martin, and so on—dey does all de cookin and makes all de *measures* wot dey deal out de *spiles* and de *loaves and fishes* in. So you see, de possmasters, and de rebenue officers, and penshun ajints, and sich like fellers,—and den dese 'ere office fellers, dey feed de clarks, an' runners, and newspaper headeaters, wot 'll hurrah for 'em, an' lie for 'em, an' swear for 'em, and so you see de whole on 'em gets pretty well *fed*—and dat's wy dey call 'em de *fed* party, dat is, you see, de *party wot's fed*.

C. And so dey all get fed by the gub'ment, hey, Pomp.

P. Sartin.

C. Gosh-a-mighty Fuss rate gub'ment dat, any how.

WASHINGTON CITY.

SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1838.

THE HUNTRESS.

Once more we are compelled to apologize for the delay of our paper, which delay was occasioned by moving.

Mrs. Stack, our very able assistant, will be able to come out in a few days and put matters to rights about non-delivery, &c. &c.

NEW MEMBERS OF THE 25TH CONGRESS.

[*Continued.*]

GEORGIA.

Georgia, like Alabama, sticks to the old "stand-bys." No alteration in the delegation from this State, with the exception of Hon. WM. C. DAWSON, who was elected the 2d session of the 24th Congress. Hon. Wm. D. Dawson appears to be in the prime of life. In person Mr. D. is a lofty erect figure, with a round full visage, and complexion of the middling shade; his eye is a dark blue of much expression, and his countenance is open, intelligent, and manly. His manners are of the true Southern polish—unaffected, gallant, and gay. Mr. D., we believe, partakes liberally in the debates of the House, and proves to be an able, sharp-sighted man.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

From this State there are *four* new members, viz:

Hon. John Campbell, (a brother of the ex-member, Mr. Robert Campbell,)
Hon. Hugh S. Legare,
" William K. Clowney,
" Robert Barnwell Rhett.

Hon. JOHN CAMPBELL. We have merely a faint recollection of his general appearance, which is striking at first sight. Mr. C. seems to be in the prime of manhood, and makes a fine personal appearance. The few words which passed between us, and his striking countenance, bespeaks him a man of those high intellectual powers, which few Northern men can either attain or counterfeit.

Hon. WM. K. CLOWNEY. Mr. C. is of common stature and light make. He seems to be under, or about middle age. His face is oval and rather thin—with a full, dark-gray, lively eye. His complexion inclines to dark, and his countenance denotes an enlightened mind, and is benignity itself.

Mr. C. of course, is easy and captivating in those manners for which all Southern gentlemen are distinguished.

Hon. Messrs. LEGARE and RHETT, we have never had the pleasure to see.

Hon. FRANKLIN H. ELMORE. This gentleman, as it appears, came into Congress the 2d session of the 24th Congress. We were merely introduced on the eve of his departure, at the close of the session. Mr. E. is a tall, commanding figure, adorned with every exterior and mental accomplishment. His face is oval, and features happily proportioned—with a fair complexion, and full deep blue eye, which gives to his countenance great animation and expression. He is amongst the best speakers in Congress, and like his colleagues, commands great attention in the House.

Hon. JOHN P. RICHARDSON. This is another gentleman elected to the 2d session of the 24th Congress. Mr. R. is somewhat under common height, rather spare, and of middle age. His face is of the Grecian mould, with great expansion of forehead. His eye is a deep piercing blue—his countenance, which is mild and serene, displays at once all the elements of human generosity and mental accomplishments. His manners, of course, perfectly correspond with that of most Southern gentlemen. By those who claim to be judges, Mr. R. is pronounced a good public speaker.

Hon. WARREN THOMPSON. This gentleman and Mr. PICKENS are the lions of the South, and the terror of abolitionists; and both have been members of the 24th Congress, though we never had the pleasure of an acquaintance till within the past year. Hon. W. Thompson is one of the most accomplished gentlemen that has ever been in Congress! Whether we regard him as a *statesman*, an *orator*, or a *gentleman*, we have seen few men for whom nature has done more. He is of young appearance, about common size, and well proportioned limbs. His face is fair, between round and oval, with regular features, and a blue eye of uncommon sweetness of expression, with which is combined a countenance overflowing with the milk of human kindness. In his manners, dignity, vivacity, and affability, are most happily blended—a pattern of benevolence, taste, and erudition!—a profound and devoted patriot. South Carolina may well be proud of him.

Hon. F. W. PICKENS. We had the pleasure to see this celebrated orator and statesman but once only, in paying a visit to a friend, where he happened to be sitting on a sofa—but were not more than a minute or so in his company. Mr. P. appeared to be a low, heavy built man, with a large, smooth, handsome, full, fair face—intelligent countenance, and highly polished manners.

Mr. GRIFFIN, we believe, is no ways inferior to his colleagues.

Such is the delegation from South Carolina!

With such a phalanx of bright men, it is truly distressing that South Carolina, once the beacon of republics and the ordeal of liberty, is about being—if not already—sold to the administration; by no less a personage than Mr Calhoun! This is a lamentable reflection! One would have thought *South Carolina* would be the last State, and that Mr. Calhoun would be the last man to unite with a party whom he once held (and very justly too) in horror and contempt. This is called "compromising." Compromising what? Did South Carolina compromise? Did she wish to compromise? Would she compromise in the worst of times when she was outlawed by this same party? If she scorned to compromise when the force bill was passed, why should she compromise now? She stood her ground against the whole force of the Union—why should she compromise now? Is it because she fears 30,000 fanatical crazy women? Not so! South Carolina never feared man. South Carolina is sold for money—Mr. Calhoun is lured by the spoils. The sub-treasury scheme is irresistible, and Mr. Calhoun is amongst the tempted. We trust in heaven he may be disappointed! But we doubt this. We rather think Mr. C., who is the victim of ambition, is actuated by political jealousy; and being aware that if the present power party carries the sub-treasury scheme, it will be able to defeat the people and elect the next President. This will disappoint the friends of Mr. Clay, upon whom it is thought the people will unite. Truly, Mr. Calhoun has boxed the compass to perfection. What are we to think of the man?

We *think* it was *Erasmus* who said "human nature was like a drunken man attempting to mount his horse. If you help him up on one side, he falls over on the other." No wonder Senator Preston cried out in astonishment—"It was time to look round to see what company he was in." It raised the blood of the Campbells.

NORTH CAROLINA.

From North Carolina we have three new members, viz:

Hon. Samuel T. Sawyer,
" Edward Stanley,
" Charles Shepard.

Hon. S. T. SAWYER. We merely had a glance of Mr. Sawyer at the extra session. He is an interesting young man, of gentlemanly appearance. In person he is tall and slender, with a dark complexion and delicate features. He seemed to be a gentleman of information and great purity of manners.

Hon. E. STANLEY. We had not the pleasure to see Mr. Stanley.

Hon. CHARLES SHEPARD. Mr. Shepard is a man of very prepossessing appearance, and quite a young looking man to be in Congress. Mr. S. is of common height, with limbs of the first symmetry—neither too heavy nor too spare. His face is round, fair, full, and handsome—with a mild blue eye. His countenance is placid, studious and manly. His manners pleasing and ingenuous; and his conversation bespeaks him a man of learning and information.

VIRGINIA.

Alas! for the Old Dominion! She who used to lead is now led; and such men only as suit the party are elected, so far as it has any influence.

The new members from this State are eight:

Hon. Andrew Beirne,
" George W. Hopkins,
" Robert M. T. Hunter,
" James M. Mason,
" Francis Mallory,
" Francis E. Rives,
" Isaac S. Pennybacker,
" Archibald Stewart.

Hon. ANDREW BEIRNE. "Uncle Andy" happens to be an old acquaintance of our own; and though a "bit of a twig from the sod," understands business as well, if not better than many a native. Mr. Beirne is an Irish gentleman of great urbanity of manners, education, and talents.

He came to this country when a young man, with very little in his pocket, and "solitary and alone" engaged in mercantile business, and by industry, honesty, and unremitting perseverance in his calling, has amassed an immense fortune! and is now perhaps the wealthiest man west of the Alleghany mountains.

Mr. B. is advanced in years, though active and sprightly as any young man in Congress. In his person he is of good height, and neatly formed—neither spare nor robust. His face is round and fair, though somewhat tanned. His eye is a sparkling blue, of deep penetration, and his features are still handsome and interesting. His countenance is open and manly, and wears a continual smile. His manners are remarkably attractive and pleasing.

Mr. Beirne has for many years represented his district in the Virginia Legislature, with trust and ability. His best eulogy is, that he never oppressed a poor man. Mr. B. is a widower, and the Washington ladies would do well to set their caps for him—we assure them he is a prize worth contending for.

Col. Beirne has raised an amiable family of children, which have all married to great advantage. The great cattle grower, Steenbergher, of Shenandoah Valley, whose rich, stall-fed beef is so eagerly sought for through our city market, is a son-in-law of Col. Beirne.

Hon. Messrs. G. W. Hopkins, M. T. Hunter, James M. Mason, Francis Mallory and Francis Rives, we have never had the honor to see. These gentlemen were always engaged when we happened to call. We were sorry at not seeing Mr. Mallory, being formerly acquainted with his family.

Hon. ARCHIBALD STEWART. With Mr. Stewart's family we had been acquainted since a child, and felt much anxiety to see him upon his arrival at the seat of government. Mr. Stewart is a middle aged gentleman, of very prepossessing appearance. In saying he is of the old school of Virginia it is saying enough. No backing out with him. Mr. S. is a stout, tall man—has

a round, rather fair face, high forehead, and a fine bright hazel eye. His countenance is open, intelligent, and manly, and his manners courteous and very familiar. Whether Mr. S. partakes in the debates or otherwise, we are not aware. Mr. Stewart's family is originally of Scotland, and amongst the oldest and most respectable families of Virginia.

Hon. Isaac S. Pennybacker. Mr. P is of real Shenandoah size—a great strapping six footer. He is young looking, rather handsomely featured. His face is round, full, and fair; and his eye is a pale blue. His countenance, [illegible] innocent, is [illegible], and his manners [illegible] sociable and [illegible]. We understand, however, that Hon. J. S. Pennybacker is a great "ladies' man!" and a great man amongst the ladies. Success to him.

We are sorry the Old Dominion cuts so shabby a figure in our catalogue of living pictures. She is even eclipsed by the young striplings of the West. So much for pious teachers—Sunday schools—tracts, and tract education—so much for money religion! and suppressing education. We have been told that the females of this State contribute vast sums of money to idle Northern vagabonds to "spread the gospel"—that the women of Richmond alone contribute at the rate of five to seven thousand dollars per annum. This, if true, is a great slander upon the gospel. Such a great falling off in a State, once so refined and chivalrous—if not caused by this money gospel, has evidently not been prevented by it. Let Western States—let the Valley take warning by the downfall of Virginia!!!

NOTE.—It is sometimes our misfortune in these little sketches, to overlook some of the members, and we have done so on this occasion by overlooking Hon. Senator Lumpkins, the new Senator from Georgia. Judge Lumpkins is advanced in years—is a hale, stout, jolly old soul; and though a member of the church, is a very great "ladies' man," and is so attractive in his person and manners, that from the great respect paid to him by the fair sex, almost any one would take him to be a clergyman or a tract pedlar. Governor L., in size and appearance, has a very strong resemblance to the Vice President, to whom, as we have understood, he is related. His face is oval, and his countenance shows a good natured, plain, plodding sort of a rich Southern planter. His manners are very plain and friendly.

Having reached the Southern boundary—the Potomac—we will next cross over to the North. Before doing so, we however, ought to make an apology for leaving unnoticed the Southern ladies, as it is our practice to do—but such have been our engagements, that we have seen but one only—Mrs. Elmore—and must defer it at least until the inclement weather is over.

PENNSYLVANIANS.

It seems to be the settled purpose of the general administration to set the stamp of degradation on the sons of Pennsylvania!—Mr. Dallas is sent into Siberian exile, for his devotion to Van Burenism, Gov. Wolf is thrust into a petty clerkship, and now Mr. Muhlenbenberg is removed, as Mr. Van said, "from the scenes of turmoil and contest in Pennsylvania, to the haven of rest and reward" in the city of Vienna! Oh what glowing honors are conferred on the sons of the Keystone State!!! After a variety of fruitless efforts to induce Mr. Muhlenbenberg to withdraw from being a candidate in the approaching gubernatorial contest, and under the delusive hope that if he were out of the way, the powers at Washington would be able, by their powerful influence and political chicanery, to place an individual in the chair of state in the place of honest Farmer RITNER, that would "bow obsequiously to their nod," they have basely condescended to appoint Mr. Muhlenberg to the Court of Austria. Weigh all the circumstances into consideration, together with the time when this appointment is made, if this is not a shameful intermeddling with our State affairs, we should like to know what else it is? We cannot but consider it as a direct interference with our State Rights, and a violation of the spirit of the Constitution.—*Phila Com. and Dem.*

Mr. Muhlenberg is a serious loss in Congress. Mr. Wise drew a just picture of this amiable man, when he described him as the favorite of all parties. No man is more beloved. For this reason he was removed by the *unfeeling, steel hearted* monsters who rule Mr. Van Buren. Shame on him! We mean those $80,000 per annum editors—pamphlet writers—Washington letter writers—letter forgers.

They are aware that Mr. Muhlenberg has a soul and a heart, which they never had. They fear they will not have money enough for election time. It is in sight; and Mr. Muhlenberg never hoarded money when debts of justice and gratitude called for it.

The indigent, the widow, and the orphan, have lost a true friend in Mr. Muhlenberg!

May heaven protect and prosper him wherever he goes!

COMMUNICATION.

Mrs. Royall.—Your notice of a letter from a Washington correspondent of the New York Herald, in your paper of the 3d inst. was too brief for the subject; it is true the writer of the letter to the Herald, by peeping into the private affairs of his neighbor, maliciously surmising the motives of his actions, and giving publicly to his pimpling observations, placed himself with that class of dirty slanderers of private reputation who are beneath notice, except to be seen and shunned; but this writer professes to be the intimate and favored guest of H. M. Morfit, President of the Native American Association, ex-ambassador to Texas, and the defeated candidate for the Mayorality of Washington City; this intimacy with Mr. Morfit and his family, if it be true, and it stands uncontradicted, places the writer on a footing with them, and the old adage may be correctly applied to the parties "show me your company and I will tell you what you are."

The letter writer, although a Native American, certainly is not a *Republican*, if he were he could not sneer at a highly respectable Native American citizen for spending his money according to his own pleasure, in giving a party to his friends—merely because, he was a grocer, particularly as it is well known, the wholesale grocers of Washington City are among its most respectable citizens. So it appears it is not only foreigners that are to be denounced by Mr. Morfit's association; but also Grocers, and I suppose all others who live by honest industry, and do not unite as a party against their fellow citizens for the support of a hungry editor and a poor lawyer.

The writer of the Herald after slandering one of our most respectable citizens for giving a party because he was a Grocer says, "Mr. Morfit gave an agreeable soiree on Tuesday, his daughter is a fine girl, and the beaux at the soiree were good looking."

This Native American, but no republican or gentleman, surmises and publishes the motives of a grocer in giving a party but does not offer a surmise as to the motives of H. M. Morfit in giving a party to the "*good looking beaux.*"

The letter writer seems to think Mr. Morfit entitled to some *nobility privileges*, because, as he says, "He is a man of fine talents, a lawyer with good practice, and was sent as diplomatic agent to Texas."—Now every one in this city knows it is a slander on Mr. Morfit to say he is a *lawyer*, and to say he has good practice is a slander on our citizens, who seldom employ him. It is said he obtained a common education, not at his own expense, and served as a subordinate clerk in a county court for some time, and in this city he was styled lawyer by courtesy, the same as *Generals* and *Colonels*, in steam boats and stages; he is a man of shifty talents, who has learnt, like many others in these hard times, that merit and talents are as nothing compared to a right knowledge of pulling the strings. From his *good practice* he had time to be a fag end member of the hickory club, and as his reward he marched to Texas and home again, for which he pocketed, I am told, about, $5000. He was appointed judge advocate but was found wanting, and has been removed—his good practice did not occupy all his time and *fine talents*, and he thought of pulling the string of Native Americanism—aye, this very man, who, but a short time back, was a member of the hickory club, and came forward as a candidate of that party for the Mayorality of Washington, and openly solicited foreigners for their votes, proposing to be their friend—NOW BEHOLD HIM—anti-hickory club; anti Jackson; anti-foreigners; and ready to become any other sort of anti, when he can find a better string to pull. I hope his letter writer's will confine themselves to his praise in future and not indulge in slandering our best citizens.

A FRIEND TO GROCERS.

From the National Intelligencer

REPORTERS AND STENOGRAPHERS.

Mr. Rencher, by leave, introduced the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the Doorkeeper be required to execute strictly the thirteenth and fourteenth rules of the House relative to the privilege of the Hall.

Resolved, That no person shall be allowed the privilege of the Hall under the characters of stenographer, without a written permission from the Speaker, specifying the part of the Hall assigned to him.

[The following are the Rules referred to:

"13. No person, except members of the Senate, their Secretary, Heads of Departments, Treasurer, Comptrolles, Register, Auditors, Postmaster General, Presidents, Secretary, Chaplains to Congress, Judges of the United States, Foreign Ministers and their Secretaries, officers who, by name, have received, or shall hereafter received, the thanks of Congress for their gallantry and good conduct displayed in the service of their country, the Commissioners of the Navy Board, Governor, for the time being, of any State or Territory of the Union, who may attend at the seat of the General Government during the session of Congress, and who may choose to avail himself of such privilege, such gentlemen as have been Heads of Departments, or members of either branch of the Legislatures of foreign Governments as are in amity with the United States, shall be admitted within the Hall of the House of Representatives."

"14. Stenographers, wishing to take down the debates, may be admitted by the Speaker, who shall assign such places to them on the floor, or elsewhere, to effect their object, as shall not interfere with the convenience of the House."

Mr. Elmore would ask if the duty proposed to be assigned to the Speaker was not already assigned by the existing orders of the House?

The Speaker would say, in reply, that he should feel much relieved if the House would take some new order upon this subject. A practice had existed, under the incumbency of his predecessor, which he had felt the inconvenience of, in the too extended construction of the rules of the House in this respect.

Mr. Rencher said that such had been his intention in introducing the resolutions.

Mr. Hopkins asked for a division of the question.

And the question being taken on the first resolution, was decided affirmatively.—The question recurring on the second,

Mr. Thompson offered the following amendment which pervailed:

"And that no reporter or stenographer be admitted under the rules of the House, unless such reporter or stenographer shall state, for what paper or papers he is employed to report," &c.

And as thus amended the resolutions were agreed to.

Mr. Patton thought the existing rules of the House in regard to this matter were abundantly sufficient, if properly enforced.

The second resolution passed, and the Speaker stated that he would with great pleasure carry the order of the House into execution.

From the Baltimore Sun.

Fire.—*The Cooke Family Burnt Out Again.*—About six o'clock yesterday morning, a fire broke out in the upper story of the Cross Keys tavern, kept by Mr. Habbersett, in High street, near Gay, which was not got under until it had destroyed the building and most of the contents. Capt. Mullen, with several of the guardians of the night, had just left the watch-house, were the first to give the alarm, and by their promptness rescued what furniture was saved. Wm. Cooke lost two trunks of valuable dresses he had just got finished—others of this unfortunate family also lost their clothing, &c. The Transcript states that a variety of distressing incidents of a domestic nature resulted from the fire which were peculiarly felt by the family of the Cookes, who boarded in the house. The lady of one of the sons, confined some time during the past week, was hastily snatched from her bed and hurried to an adjoining street under the agonizing belief that her babe had perished; it was however removed by some of the firemen in safety. One of the company, Williams the Clown, we were informed, was only aroused by the unpleasant evidence of his danger, in the burning embers dropping around him. A poor colored man had his leg broken by the falling of a trunk, and was removed to a Surgeon's. An insurence of $3000 on the house was secured in the Equitable and of $4000 on the furniture in the Firemen's.

An abolition trick.—A few days since, there went the rounds of the papers a correspondent purporting to be an offer of Mr. Carter Braxton, of Virginia, to Mr. Smith the abolitionist, of this city, to liberate his slaves, upon due compensation.—This turns out to be a regular abolition falsehood. Mr. Braxton denies its truth in the most positive terms. He says, "It is repugnant to every wish, inclination and intention that ever entered my bosom, to hold any manner of communication, with any of the family of the abolitionists; and I no more thought, or even dreamed, of my making an offer of my servants to an abolitionist, than of my children.

Of one fact I am certain and positive—never in any way, that the wit of man can devise, to have any thing to do with an abolitionist, sooner than with an assassin—as I look on them as being on a level in every respect—from both of whom I as instinctively shrink as from the touch of the viper."—*N. Y. Sunday News.*

Scraping Acquaintance.—A genteel looking coffee house lounger wishing to introduce himself to a wealthy stranger, addressed him with, "it appears to me, sir, that I have before seen you somewhere!" "Very likely. I have been there frequently," replied the other, and turned upon his heel.—[Focus.

—:—:—

A pun in Ebony.—"Well, Charley," said a gentleman the other morning to his boot black, "How do yer get along these hard times?" "Oh, well, massa; we rub and go."—[Boston Transcript.

—:—:—

An officer being intoxicated, an old soldier observed that he was afraid there was something *wrong* at *head quarters*.

—:—:—

A rope walk has been erected by the U. States Government at Charleston, Mass.—A loco foco paper says that "Matty means to give the Whigs *rope* enough;" but we presume the whigs will reply as the lad did to whom his dying father presented a halter. "Thank you kind sir," said the affectionate urchin, 'may you live to enjoy it yourself.'—[N. O. Pic.

—:—:—

Horace Greeley, Esq the highly talented editor of the New Yorker, has published a Whig Almanac, the best thing of the kind ever got up. The sale has been tremendous, two large editions have been disposed of.—Ib.

—:—:—

Solomon was a wise man.

THE FARMER.

From the Farmers' Cabinet for February.

A Farmer for Me, Boys.

SONG FOR THE HARVEST HOME.

BY A. M'MAKIN.

A Farmer's the man for me, boys!
A Farmer's the man for me;
While the ploughshare goes,
Or the heifer lows,
True lord of the soil is he,
True lord of the land is he, boys!
A Farmer—a Farmer for me.

Ere the sun shines over the lea boys!
Ere the sun shines over the lea,
In the waiving main,
Of the golden grain,
He is happy as man can be,
He is happy as man can be boys!
A Farmer—a farmer for me.

With no care to mar his joy boys!
No care to lessen his joy,
The toils of the day
Pass quickly away;
At night he is merry and free,
His night is merry and free, boys!
A farmer—a farmer for me.

No drone of the hive is he, boys!
No drone of the hive is he,
But with lusty flail,
Doth that sheaf assail,
And gathers from every tree,
And gathers from every tree, boys!
A Farmer—a farmer for me.

PHILADELPHIA, JAN. 30, 1838.

NOTICE.

The subscribers have taken the house on the corner of Pennsylvania Avenue, formerly kept by Pettibone and Sheidell, and known by the name of the Washington Coffee House, and have fitted it up in first rate style for the accommodation of boarders, either transient or permanent, which we intend to keep on the most reasonable terms; and from our long experience with business of a public house, we flatter ourselves to be able to give general satisfaction, and in doing such we hope to receive a liberal share of public patronage.

The public's ob't serv'ts,

J. HANDS & L. BROWN.

N.B.—Oysters and other refreshments that are in season, to be had at any hour in the day, and will be served up in the best possible manner.

Sept. 9 1837.—tf.

MARBLE YARD.

J. P. PEPPER, *Pennsylvania Avenue, near the National Hotel,*

Continues to manufacture Marble Mantles, Monuments,

TOMBS, HEADSTONES, &c.

Marble work in general furnished to order. Also keeps constantly on hand, a full supply of

SOAP STONE,

Suitable for coal grates, backs, jams, hearths, &c.

FIRE BRICK.

Fire brick, and fire slabs, an entire new pattern with level tops, and fire cement an excellent article in setting grates. December 6.

MICHAEL McDERMOT,

Coach and Harness Manufacturer,

Corner of 4 1-2 and C Streets.

Tenders his respects to his customers in Washington city, and to the public generally, and informs them that he still carries on the Coach and Harness making business, in all its variety, at the above stand, where he will be ready at all times to execute orders confided to him, in the neatest manner and at the shortest notice. All work warranted—repairing done as usual at short notice.

Silver and Brass Plating.

He has also employed a first rate Plater, and will do all kinds of plating. Dec. 6.

NOTICE.—The subscriber having taken an addition to his old establishment on 4 1-2 street, the large and commodious coach manufactory, on Missouri Avenue, formerly kept by Isaac Bartlett, between 4 1-2 and 6th streets and nearly opposite Gadsby's hotel, is now ready to execute all orders in the coach making line in the best and neatest manner. He also has on hand a large assortment of excellent Coaches, Barouches, Buggies, and vehicles of every description, &c. &c.

dec21 MICHAEL McDERMOT

JAMES T. ADAMS,

LOCK AND GUNSMITH,

AND

BELL-HANGER,

Sixth street, between C and Louisiana Avenue,

Washington,

Respectfully informs the public, that he will execute, in a workman-like manner, all business in the above line, and in a way that will give satisfaction to his employers, with punctuality and despatch.

Nov. 24, 1838.

THE NEW FEATURE.

THE PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY COURIER is the largest and cheapest FAMILY NEWSPAPER ever issued in the United States—and the unparalleled patronage which has been awarded it is the best evidence of its approval. Its increase, during the last two years, has been more than DOUBLE THAT OF ANY OTHER PAPER, embracing at present a list of OVER

28,000 *SUBSCRIBERS!*

This popular journal contains articles upon every topic usually introduced in a public paper: embracing LITERATURE, SCIENCE and THE ARTS, EDUCATION, MEDICINE, AGRICULTURE, INTERNAL IMPROVEMENTS, NARRATIVES, TALES, SKETCHES, BIOGRAPHIES, POEMS, SONGS, FOREIGN and DOMESTIC NEWS of the LATEST DATES, and full accounts of the sales, markets, and money matters generally.

The new feature which we introduced of presenting the best books of the current literature of the day, has been eminently successful.

We shall draw from the whole range of the current literature, our arrangements supplying us the earliest moment they can be received in the country, with all the best periodicals of Europe, the choicest gems of which will always be given to the readers of the Courier the first moment they can be disseminated on this side the Atlantic.

ENGLISH ANNUALS.

We have made arrangements to receive early copies of all the English Annuals, and shall immediately spread before our readers all the best articles, which are not dependent upon the accompanying engraving for illustration, or of an exclusively *local* character. In this way, we shall have the gratification of furnishing our readers, in a few months to come, with matter, which, if purchased in the form in which it appears, WOULD ALONE COST BETWEEN FIFTY and SIXTY DOLLARS.

AMERICAN ANNUALS.

We have already given several articles from these splendid books, and shall continue to furnish some of the choicest gems from their pages.

The correspondents of the Courier embrace many of the best writers of the country. We have had the pleasure of presenting stories, sketches or poems from the pens of

Miss SEDGWICK, JOHN NEAL, Mrs. SIGOURNEY, WILLIS, GAYLORD CLARK, Mrs. C. L. HENTZ, Miss LESLIE, Miss SEYMOUR, Dr. M'HENRY, Professor INGRAHAM, J. J. PEASE, O. W. HOLMES, GREENVILLE MELLON, and WM. E. BURTON, C. W. EVERETT, and numerous others, whose pens will continue to add interest to our columns.

Capt. Marryatt's Sea Stories.

A sea story, by Captain Marryatt, is now in course of publication in the Courier, in addition to the great variety of other entertaining matter, embracing a vast and unsurpassed variety; each week enough to FILL A COMMON BOOK OF TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY PAGES, and equal to FIFTY-TWO VOLUMES a year; and which is estimated to be read, weekly, by at least three hundred thousand people, scattered in all parts of the country, from Maine to Florida, and from the seaboard to the lakes.

This approved FAMILY NEWSPAPER is strictly neutral in religious and political matters, and the uncompromising opponent of quackery of every kind.

PREMIUMS.

INDUCEMENT TO CLUBBING.

☞ As an additional inducement for the great aid we have received in extending the list to an extent already unparalleled—we offer

AS A PREMIUM to any person who will send the names of ten subscribers, and Twenty Dollars in cash, to the publishers of the SATURDAY COURIER,—

THE WORKS OF CAPT. MARRYATT.

Peter Simple,	King's Own,
Jacob Faithful,	Newton Forster,
Pirate,	Pacha of Many Tales,
Three Cutters,	Japhet in search of his father.
Frank Mildmay,	

THE WORKS OF BULWER.

Pelham,	Last Days of Pompeii,
The Disowned,	Rienzi,
Devereux,	Falkland,
Paul Clifford,	Pilgrims of the Rhine,
Eugine Aram,	

EMBRACING

18 POPULAR NOVELS.

Or, any person (or gentlemen who may club together) who will send us five subscribers and ten dollars, free of postage shall be entitled either to all the above works of Capt. Marryatt, or those of Bulwer or any of the following:—

The CHRISTIAN KEEPSAKE, 1838, edited by Rev. Mr. Clark.

The TOKEN, for 1838, edited by Mr. Goodrich.

The LITERARY SOUVENIR, for 1839, edited by Wm. E. Burton.

The PICKWICK PAPERS, COMPLETE, with illustrations by the celebrated Cruikshank.

LOCKHART'S LIFE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT, in parts.

48 SCOTT'S NOVELS.

For Thirty Subscribers.

Any individual, who will forward us sixty dollars shall immediately receive the ENTIRE WORKS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT, embracing HIS LIFE, by LOCKHART; or 24 of the Novels for 15 subscribers, with the cash in advance.

☞ This gives great inducements to CLUBS, who wish these valuable works. Remittances to embrace full advantages, should be made in $5 $10 or larger notes.

Our terms for a year's subscription, payable in advance, are - - - - $2

Three copies also payable in advance, - - 5

A Club of 10 will be furnished with the paper for one year, payable in advance, - - 15

Cabinet, Chair, and Sofa Manufactory

AND

UPHOLSTERY.

G. W. DONN & CO.,

Respectfully inform their friends, and the Public in general, that they carry on the above named business in its various branches, and will manufacture to order any article in their line; also, repair furniture of all descriptions in the best manner.

Their stock on hand in their Wareroom, on Pennsylvania Avenue, equidistant from the Railroad depot and Capitol gate, will consist of

Spring and cushion-seat Sofas, Sofa Bedsteads
Sideboards, Bureaus, (column, dressing and common)
Centre, side, column, pier, dressing, sofa, loo dining and breakfast Tables
Wardrobes, Bedsteads
Mahogony Rocker, parlor and other Chairs
Hair, moss and shuck Mattresses, &c.

All of which are of the best workmanship, and will be sold as reasonable as at any other establishment in Washington.

Persons wishing to exchange their old furniture, for new will give us a call.

Funerals attended to.

For sale, an excellent Piano Forte, in good order in use only a few months. Price $225.

dec 5.

TAKE NOTICE.

MONEY SECRETED!

Mark the description!!!

ON the bill of the denomination of $20, U.S.; letter D. No. 1689, payable to A. G. Rose, or order, branch at Charleston; dated 2d day of November 1834; Jos. Johnson, President. Another of the denomination of 5 dolls. on the Lumberman's Bank of Pennsylvania, at Warren; letter A. No. 9098, dated April 20th, 1835; payable to Jn. M. Hughes, or order; Robert Falconer, President.

The above described bank bills were enclosed by the undersigned, Post Master at Quercus Grove, Switzerland county, Ia., on the 26th of Jan. last, and directed to a gentlemnn at Printer's Retreat Post Office, in the aforesaid county, of which Gen. William C. Keen was Postmaster, since which time neither the said bills or letter containing them have been heard of. The said Keen has been arrested, (on complaint of the said Green,) on a charge of having secreted the said letter and money; and after an examination before a Magistrate in Vevay, was recognized to appear before the Circuit Court of the aforesaid county, at the April term, to answer said charge.

The said Green, having for some time suspected said Keen of having purloined his letters and money, enclosed the above described bills, in presence of witnesses, for the purpose of detecting said Keen. As the money may have been put into circulation by said Keen, all persons within whose reach bills of the above denomination may come, are requested to take particular notice, and examine them by the above description. Any information respecting the said bills communicated to the undersigned, Post Master, Quercus Grove, Switzerland County, Indiana, will be greatfully received, and a liberal, reward paid for the same.

MARTIN R. GREEN.

Quercus Grove, Ia., February 24, 1837.

HOLT'S HOTEL.

THE above establishment having been in successful operation for eighteen months, is now in complete operation for the accommodation of Ladies and Gentlemen visiting the city, either on business or for pleasure. In consideration of the present state of the money market, the Proprietor has reduced his prices of board to the following rates, viz:

Gentlemen occupying double bedded or company rooms, per day each,	$1 00
Those occupying single rooms, per day each,	1 25
Ladies and gentlemen, dining at the Ladies' table, per day, each	1 25
Meals served in private rooms, per day, each extra,	50
Private parlour, extra each,	1 00

The proprietor returns his sincere acknowledgments for the very extensive patronage he has received at this establishment, and pledges himself that nothing on his part, or that of his household, shall be wanting to merit a continuation of past favors, and render comfortable those who may in future favor him with a call.

HOURS FOR MEALS.

Breakfast	from 7 to 9	Tea	from 7 to 9
Dinner,	do. 12 to 4	Supper,	do. 9 to 12

Doors never closed.

STEPH. HOLT.

EUTAW HOUSE,

Corner of Baltimore and Eutaw Streets,

Baltimore, Maryland.

The Proprietor has the honor to announce to the public, that, after more than three years of unremitted labor, this expensive and splendid structure, designed for a Hotel, is now finished, amply furnished in every respect, and open for the reception of guests. This edifice stands on an elevation of sixty feet above and at a good, convenient distance from, tide water. It has on all sides a public avenue, affording abundant light to each part, allowing a fine circulation of every healthful breeze, and making its apartments cool and airy in the summer, whilst its substantial walls and modern grates and fire places ensure a warm and equitable temperature in winter. For capaciousness, convenience of arrangement, and completeness of every appendage requisite for a hotel of the first class, the Eutaw House is not excelled by any establishment in our country.

The undersigned, having been engaged fifteen years in keeping a public house, flatters himself that he need only promise to all who may patronize his new establishment, that his best efforts shall be exerted to please them, and at charges which he hopes will meet their approbation.

dec. 5— ASAHEL BUSSEY.

BELL-HANGING,

WHITE AND BLACK SMITHING,

In all their various branches.

WASHINGTON LEWIS, respectfully informs the citizens of Washington and its vicinity that he has taken the well known stand of Josiah Bosworth, on 13th, between E and F streets, and near the National theatre, where he will be happy to receive orders in his line of business. He assures the public that no pains will be spared to execute his work in the very best style, and in the most expeditious manner. Nov. 21.

REPUBLIC OF TEXAS.—The undersigned, having been some time resident citizens of that most delightful and fertile country, and having thoroughly and effectually explored the most desirable portions of it—being well acquainted with the colonisation laws, the origin of titles, &c. and having also informed themselves of the most eligible situations and locations—are now ready and prepared for the purchase and sale of real estate, the location of land scrip, bounty land, or any other land operations, on shares or commission. They have also made arrangements to obtain maps of all the located and unlocated lands which have been surveyed, and to take accurate notes of the quality of the soil, &c. &c., of that which has not been located, together with a correct abstract of all titles; so that they will be enabled to make the most advantageous and sale entries so soon as the land office shall be open.

Companies wishing to invest large capital can be furnished with a map of the country, (which will distinguish what lands are located and what not,) together with the history of the titles with an accurate description of soil and local advantages.

Persons furnished with such information, would be able to select the most desirable portion of the country without trouble, and avoid that uncertainty of title which is the constant terror of the people. One or the other of the subscribers or the agent, will be always found at Houston, Victoria or Matagorda, at each of which places there will be a land office. The two last mentioned embracing the finest portion of Texas.

Communications addressed to either or both of the subscribers at Houston, Texas, care of William Bryant, Esq New Orleans, postage paid, will be duly forwarded by him.

GEORGE REBER,
OSCAR FARISH.

Oscar Farish takes leave to refer Thomas Ritchie, esq General William Lambert, Thomas Green esq Richmond Virginia; Peter W. Grayson, Attorney General of Texas; General Moses Green, Culpepper county Virginia; William F. Pitchie, esq John F. Scott, esq Dr. Morris Emanuel, Vicksburg, Miss.

George Reber refers to Hon. Thomas Ewing, General William H. Harrison, Henry Stanberry, esq, General Samuel F. McCracken, Colonel Jno. Noble, Ohio; Rev. Henry Mathews Texas.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

Twice a week.

Passage to Norfolk, Petersburg, and Richmond.

On Monday, the 28th inst., the Steamboats hence to Norfolk will commence to run only twice a week, leaving the lower end of Spear's wharf every Monday and Thursday at 2 P. M. Returning, will leave Norfolk every Sunday and Thursday afternoon.

On and after the 5th January next, they will run once a week, leaving Baltimore every Thursday, at 2 o'clock, and Norfolk every Sunday afternoon.

Should the navigation of the Patapsco be closed by ice at any time during the winter, they will run to and from Annapolis, leaving there at 3 o'clock, P. M. on Thursdays, or as soon as the stages arrive from Baltimore.

The James river boat will run in connection, to and from there as usual.

All baggage at the risk of the owners.

Passage and fare on and after the 28th instant $8.

JAMES FERGUSON, Agent.

Baltimore, 18th Nov. 1836.

W. W. KEYWORTH,

WATCHMAKER AND JEWELLER,

Opposite the National Hotel, Penn. Avenue.

Respectfully informs the public that he has lately received a considerable addition to his stock of Clocks, Watches, Jewelry &c—to which he solicits the public attention.

☞ Clocks and watches effectually repaired, and warranted to keep good time. All kinds of Jewelery repaired at the shortest notice. The highest price paid for old gold and silver.

Jan 20th, 1837.

CARPET WEAVING.

THE public are hereby respectfully informed that the subscriber continues to carry on the business of Carpet Weaving, on F. street, next door east of the Catholic church, where she will be thankful for all favours; she pledges herself to do the work as well, and on as reasonable terms as it can be done in the District. All orders will be promptly attended to, by

BARBARA BROWN.

July 29, 1837.—tf.

ALEXANDRIA AND NEW ORLEANS PACKETS.

Brig Tribune, Samuel C. Bouch, master, will sail as above, on the 15th Nov. instant, Brig Isaac Franklin, Mr. Smith, master, on the 1st of December.

Brig Uncas, Mr. Bouch master, on the 15th Dec.

They will continue to leave this port on the 1st and 15th of each month, throughout the shipping season. They are all vessels of the first class, commanded by experienced and accommodating officers, will at all times go up the Mississippi by steam, and every exertion used to promote the interest of Shippers and comfort of Passengers

Shippers may prevent a disappointment, by having their Bills of Lading ready the day previous to sailing, as they will go promptly at the time.

Servants that are intended to be shipped, will at any time be received for safe keeping, at 25 cents per day.

nov. 6th. JOHN ARMFIELD.

GEORGETOWN COLLEGE, D. C.

THE classical excercises of this College will be resumed, as usual, on the 15th of this month. The terms are as follows:

The annual pension for board and lodging, tuition, washing and mending linen and stockings, the use of books, (philosophical and mathematical excepted,) pens, ink, and writing paper, slates and pencils, medical aid and medicine, is $200. Half boarders are received at $90 per annum. All charges must be paid half yearly in advance.

N. B.—An eminent professor will give instructions in his art as soon as a class shall be formed.

dec 5 THOMAS F. MULLEDY, Pres't.